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A New-Year Act for the Benefit of Authors

THE writer was moved some months ago to suggest the founding of a lying-in hospital, to be known as 'Parturiunt Montes,' for the benefit of poor and virtuous authors when about to be delivered of their literary children. The interest which greeted his modest suggestion was so instantaneous and wide-spread, that the establishment of such an institution is now confidently assumed to be the only way of meeting a long-felt very public and very private want of the profession. But leaving to others the mere practical carrying-out of a scheme so opportunely projected, he comes forward with another measure of relief which he believes will be regarded as no less wise, feasible, and humane.

The discussion of this measure might be fitly introduced by raising the question of whether literature should be permitted to die a natural death. Curiously, however, in order to answer this question it is necessary to ask another, which seems much akin to it but is really of vastly more importance to those concerned: should authors be put to a violent death? Theoretically, the world has always been somewhat divided—generously, even nobly, divided—on this point; but a general ransacking of history for the fate of authors might possibly authorize the drawing up of certain statistical tables, which would convince those about to embrace literature for life that it is not conspicuously a life-preserving apparatus. It is barely possible that when Cæsar cried 'Help me, Cassius, or I sink!' he was referring to the small sale of the 'Commentaries,' and Cassius mistook the reference. Certainly, at least, the practical attitude of the world toward this question has been so steadily defining itself in the cases of authors taken one by one, that usage may now be said to have reached an excellent degree of consistency. That is, no one with a knowledge of the subject longer believes that any author—any living author, I may say—ever dies a natural death. The only thing that he never dies of is nature. Long before nature executes sentence on him, he is put to a slow death by the older literatures. The question, therefore, might be stated as follows: Since both cannot enjoy the privilege, which should be allowed to die a natural death—old books or young authors? To this it is believed that a unanimous reply will be made by all those who have a vital interest in the question.

Definitively, then, the measure of relief to be herein proposed for the benefit of authors is this: that it be made a law of all nations that all books of the age of one hundred years and over be forthwith and from this time on destroyed (or sold at one million dollars a copy, so that their circulation should be limited to those who would never read them); the said act to be entitled *The Hundred Year Intersecular and International High-Protective and Mutual Benefit Anti-Copyright Act of Total Extermination*.

Of course it is not to be expected that such an act would fail to encounter a certain surface opposition from readers. But readers are overindulged; and moreover, the act is not designed for the benefit of readers. It is an act for the benefit

for authors—modern, living, yet to be. Readers therefore being out of consideration, we come to Congress, so to speak. Here it is incredible that any opposition should be encountered, so deeply rooted in the very conscience of government are all anti-copyright ideas. If this single anti-copyright measure could once be passed, no earthly power could ever change it. Moreover, it should peculiarly commend itself to the in-coming Administration. The present wants more protection. The existing free-trade with the past is utterly ruinous. No one supposes that a modern can compete with the pauper literature of antiquity; and it is unjust to compel a living poet to enter his own markets against Homer, who got his raw material even below the cost of production, and with whom the expenses of living have been cut down to little or nothing for the past several thousand years. Evidently, the patriotism of the Government may be relied upon to support the measure. That it should require any further reasons than these is hardly to be expected, but for the sake of authors themselves a few considerations may be here set down.

Every hundred years that are added to the age of the world make it a hundred times harder for an author to live in competition with all the literature of the world that lies behind him—literature that it keeps on accumulating. This is wholly wrong. It was never meant for the world to drag its lengthening past after it in such a fashion. Nature would never kill a man if she intended him to go on talking a thousand years after she had taken the breath out of his body. Even at the present rate of accumulation of literature, the time will soon come when there will be no more living authors. Already for centuries certain kinds of the noblest literature have ceased to be produced. For centuries more, others have been all but extinct. Every hundred years following upon certain epochs of literary art have marked periods of eternal decline. Every generation of writers is born to the possession of a field restricted in the possibilities of originality. Every creator is endowed with increased chances of doing what has been done or what is not worth doing. The only true and eternally great domain of imaginative literature is the domain of the great passions, and this domain has been haunted by the master minds from the birth of letters. Imagination is not dead in the modern man. Material for his art is not lacking in civilization. Every day Paris is running away with Helen, the wife of Menelaus. Every day the Furies are pursuing Orestes. Every day Tarquin is deflowering Virginia. Every day Shylock stands demanding the due and forfeit of his bond. Every day the envious sliver breaks with poor, mad Ophelia, clambering on pendant boughs her coronal weeds to hang. Every day Juliet lies dead in the tomb of the Capulets.

Modern writers know all this. They know also that they will not be allowed to tell these great stories in the grand manner. (They deeply regret the fact, in speaking their confidences to each other.) Hence all the makeshifts of modern art: the calling in of science, the calling in of religion, the trumping-up of new theories of doing this and that—the striking-out for original trivialities—the banishment from great motives and the nibbling at pale dry little ones, as scavengers on the roadside nibble at two blades of grass. Are not a hundred years long enough for a book to live?—for its message to be taken up by the world and passed on? Should we not thereafter get on the better and the faster without it? The way to produce a new forest is to cut down the old one. So long as the old one stands, one mass of roots below, one mass of shade above, nothing great will ever grow downward or upward. Even the sun destroys his past every twenty-four hours and rises free from competition with his spent rays.

See how it is that the author in this age of the world stands absolutely alone among human craftsmen as the victim of the past. When the village lawyer hangs out his shingle, there are not hanging out in that same village the

shingles of all the great legal minds from Solon and Justinian down to Mansfield and Erskine, to Marshall and Kent. He does not have to speak against Mirabeau or write against Blackstone, or be pitted in thought against Sir Henry Maine. The village doctor is not forced to practice against the whole medical profession from Æsculapius down to old Bumpkins around the corner. St. Paul does not stand preaching on Mars's Hill and the young village preacher on a hill of another sort near by. The village musician does not sing against Malibran or play against Paganini or Liszt. The village actor struts his hour and tears his robustious passion, confident that Kean is not playing across the street or Garrick next door. The village artist knows that his landscape is safe from comparison with one by Turner, his Madonna removed from contrast with one of Raphael's. All these village folk by the very nature of their art escape all but village standards and village competitions. But the village writers—poor Sylvanus Gloriosus! poor Sylvana Gloriosa! They enter the village bookstore where their volumes—one little one apiece—have just been put on sale, and lo! there all the competitors are—the glorious ones—met together against them on this small crowded battle-field out of all countries and times. A purchaser steps in and asks, 'Whose poems have you?' The clerk answers, 'We have the poems of Sylvanus Gloriosus, Homer, Æschylus, Sappho, Virgil, Horace, Chaucer, Dante, Shakspeare,—' We shall not give his long reply in full. Our attention was directed to Sylvanus, who leaned against the wall, listening with a white face until the close.

And as though this were not enough, the other village folk lord it over Sylvanus. Yes, that is true: all over this country to-day, the village folk are lording it over Sylvanus. Now Sylvanus is no fool. Neither is he a braggart; but he knows perfectly well that he is quite as great a success in his art as each of them is in his—perhaps much greater. He knows that if the village had the pick of all the doctors of all nations and times, old Bumpkins would never get a chance to treat a case of croup. In fact, Sylvanus is absolutely peerless in his art, if judged by the village standard; for there is no one to hold a candle to him as a sonneteer for a distance of some five miles around. But to be peerless in that span—what is that to him who must be measured by the radius of history and the whole earth?

Now this hundred-year extermination act would greatly help Sylvanus, greatly enliven Sylvana. They would still be at a monstrous disadvantage; but on the whole life ought to be less miserable, more possible, if they had but a century of literature to compete against and be hampered by. Sylvanus might even have a chance to become indispensable to his fellow-creatures; and like Charles Lamb with his Milton, they might be as happy to say grace over him as grace over meat. But as the world goes now, they no more feel like doing this than accepting another of Lamb's sayings—that no man can have a pure mind who refuses apple-dumplings.

JAMES LANE ALLEN.

Reviews

Sheridan's Memoirs*

THE DECADE of the years of grace between 1880 and 1890 will stand in the history of American letters as the most prolific era of military literature. Most of the leaders of fleets and armies of the War have penned their own narratives, or have had chosen and trusted amanuenses to compile the records. Many more journals, narratives, and autobiographies are doubtless yet to see the light of printer's ink. The literary materials of the actors in and witnesses of the struggle will continue to accumulate during this century, at least. With the publication, also, of facts and judgments by men on the losing side, some reputations may suffer the changes of the moon rather than shine as the

sun. Yet it now seems hardly possible to doubt that, of the men in blue, the great leaders were, in their order, Grant, Sherman, Sheridan and Thomas. The career of Philip H. Sheridan is that of a typical American. As now told by himself, the story reads like romance, though the facts narrated are all hard, fast, and easily verifiable. As in the case of Grant, his book itself is a wonderful achievement, and in directness, force, simplicity, and ease of understanding, makes a mental impression like that of the battle of Winchester. It may require a military education to thoroughly appreciate the maps, nor can one by any possibility of imagination, go into raptures over the indifferent woodcuts, and cheap-looking portraits of the book; but with the story itself, it would be hard to find fault. Even judged from a literary point of view, it is a notable production. Here and there the minor parts of speech—prepositions for example—are strangely used; but as a rule the English is that which Cæsar would have written had he penned his commentaries in the dominant language of the Nineteenth Century, instead of in Latin.

Born of Irish immigrant parents in Albany, N. Y., March 6, 1831, the third of six children, young Sheridan was taken to Ohio when an infant of one year. His training was given him by the excellent mother who died while her illustrious son was on his own deathbed. At the village school he was taught by an Irish dominie, who was accustomed to apply the switch to every back when the one culprit failed to confess. At fourteen, he left school, and entered a grocery store. It was during the Mexican War that he was fired with the ambition to become a soldier. Through the Hon. Thomas Ritchey, of Ohio, he secured entrance, after due examination, into the Academy at West Point. Among his classmates were Stanley, Slocum, Woods, Kautz, and Crook. A quarrel with a cadet caused his suspension for a year, and he had to begin again at the foot of the new class, graduating thirty-fourth in a membership of fifty-two. Among these classmates, led by James B. McPherson, were John M. Schofield and J. W. Sill, and J. B. Hood, later of the Confederate army. The handsome young Second-Lieutenant found his first service in Texas on the Mexican frontier, and later in California; and his pictures of life on the frontiers thirty or more years ago are very entertaining. He studied, in a very practical manner, ornithology, ethnology, the mysteries of the Indian medicine men's demonology, and the Chinook language. His first victory in the War of the Rebellion, when in Missouri, was over the epauletted thieves who enter the army for plunder, concealing their villainy under professions of patriotism. After a few months of inactivity in that State, the turning-point in his career was made when Col. John C. Kelton, the Assistant Adjutant-General in St. Louis, took the responsibility of sending him to report to Gen. Halleck, who was then at Shiloh. There he was put to duty, met Sherman, and was appointed Colonel of an Ohio regiment. After the battle of Booneville, Col. Sheridan was presented by Capt. A. P. Campbell of the Second Michigan Cavalry with the black horse Rienzi, which thenceforth became the most noted warhorse in all the armies. Two pages of text and a full-page picture are devoted to this oft-wounded animal, which died peacefully in 1878. As long as the poem of Buchanan Read (whose name is unfortunately abbreviated and misspelled on page 437, Vol. II.—like that of the proverbial soldier of glory, killed in battle) is read, so long will the fame of the hero's charger survive. A vivid portraiture in wood is given of James Card, the famous East Tennessee scout.* After the battle of Stone River, the four cowards who wore shoulder-straps were punished in a way made very impressive by Sheridan's original method. In the midst of a hollow square of thousands of soldiers, the four delivered up their swords to the *General's colored servant*, who also cut off their buttons and shoulder-straps, after which they were drummed out of camp. After a hard campaign in Tennessee, Sheridan was ordered East; and his description of the reception of the

* Personal Memoirs of Philip H. Sheridan, General United States Army. 2 vols. Sold by subscription only. New York: Charles L. Webster & Co.

short, thin and wizened General by Lincoln and Stanton is very amusing. All through the book the author seems to enjoy telling good stories at his own expense.

Once with the Army of the Potomac, the cavalry became a new arm of the service, and that its right arm. It always led the movements of Grant's forces. In no modern campaign of pitched battles have cavalymen been made to do such important and decisive service. Now, too, being in harmony with Grant, he was always well sustained in his plans. For the incalculable benefit of our cause, that marvellous facility of Sheridan's for learning at one lesson the whole geography of a campaign received its full development. If geography is half of war, it may be said that Sheridan won his greatest victory in the Shenandoah Valley, when first closeted with the maps and surveys of this 'granary of the Confederacy.' It was, however, in obedience to Grant's orders, as well as his own views, that he at once proceeded to convert the valley into a desert over which no unprovisioned crowd would trust itself to fly. Sheridan gives the true philosophy of war and preaches a powerful though short sermon when he says (p. 488): 'Death is popularly considered the maximum of punishment in war, but it is not; reduction to poverty brings prayers for peace more surely and more quickly than does the destruction of human life; as the selfishness of man has demonstrated in more than one great conflict.' Volume I. closes with Sheridan still preparing for Winchester, on the eve of a Presidential election.

The second volume is the great book of great battles, and to its exciting pages doubtless many will turn first. A portrait is given of the Quaker maiden who furnished the information concerning the march of a division away from Early to Lee, which decided Sheridan to attack at once. After sending the enemy 'whirling through Winchester,' Sheridan's famous despatch was written on one of the desks of the Quaker teacher's school-room. The brilliant Shenandoah Campaign, including the Battle of Fisher's Hill, is described with fascinating power. Even if the reader has not, like the reviewer, been over the ground on foot, and has not the exact setting of the picture before him, he will yet be borne along with enthusiastic delight while taking in the details of this brilliant picture. With an eye for minutiae that reminds one of St. Mark, Sheridan forgets not these minor touches, but remembers, like a literary artist, to put them in. His amusing account of the pursuit of Gen. Rosser is especially flavored with humor; and the account given explains well the surly and savage newspaper attack of the latter when, twenty years later, Sheridan proposed to make a pleasure trip up the valley. The famous ride and reversal of the tide of defeat are most modestly told; and then begin the stories of the mighty movements of cavalry, by which Lee's army was left virtually on an island surrounded by seas of waste land and broken communications. The last great raid was done in sixteen days of nearly constant rain. As to some other points, such as the relieving of Gen. Warren from his command, the historian may not accept Gen. Sheridan's story as final justice; but in this as in other matters the author gives his judgment with the frankness of a soldier, and into such a controversy none but the highest experts should venture.

The other part of the second volume, consisting of more than one-half of it, treats of the General's reconstructive work in the Southern States, his experiences on the Mexican border, and his adventures in settling the Indian question, into which he enters with some minuteness of incident. The last five chapters are of greater interest. They relate Sheridan's personal adventures while in the German Army in a delightful style, the narrative being interspersed with his opinions on men and things. One thinks not less, but more, of the American volunteer after reading these frank comments. The cavalry leader found the soldiers even of the conquering army no braver, nor better prepared to meet sudden emergencies, than ours; nor did he find the 'plan of campaign' any better suited to the circumstances than the

methods pursued by Grant, Sherman and other American leaders of men, horses and guns, in the woods and bottomless roads of Virginia. This typical American, while heartily appreciative of all he saw, came home more of an American than ever.

One cannot help speculating, after reading his modest story, what further military renown Sheridan might have won had the Civil War been prolonged, or had the Americans and French met in the shock of arms on Mexican soil. As it is, this soldier holds one of the highest places in the world's roll of warriors. In his making no element which goes to form the successful soldier seems to have been omitted. As for the book itself, it will probably attract a larger proportion of young readers than even the story told by Grant.

Gouverneur Morris's Diary and Letters*

THE TWO handsome volumes, in which the writings of one of the most brilliant men of the Revolutionary period appear in print, make a noteworthy addition to American historical literature. They possess international value, and will be read with interest on both sides of the ocean. Gouverneur Morris was the product of New York's cosmopolitan society, and his graces shone no less brightly than his talents. As orator, statesman, diplomatist and financier, he was eminent. In the Assemblies of the State of New York and in the making of her Constitution, in the Continental Congress, in the Convention by which the Constitution of the United States was framed (to which document, by the way, he gave the final literary form), as Envoy to France, and as United States Senator from New York, his career was marked by commanding ability. His diary and letters, as now printed, illustrate especially his life in France and in the United States after his return from Europe. The editor, Miss Annie Cary Morris has done her work very well, furnishing a good introductory biographical chapter, explanatory footnotes, and interlinking matter between the letters; and a carefully prepared Index completes a very creditable piece of literary work. There are two portraits—an etching from a medallion, and a full-page engraving of Morris in later life.

Great pains have been taken to identify and describe both the obscure persons and illustrious personages of France mentioned in the text. If one so desires, he may, by studying the famous illustrated books in which the minor and major actors of the French Revolution are pictured, see what manner of men and women these people were. With a remarkable caution and judgment, that contrast sharply with the pro-German proclivities of one of our recent envoys to Paris, Morris carried himself with dispassionate bearing during all the time of his stay in France. Patiently he bore the personal humiliations to which in these turbulent times he was subject, often extricating himself from dangerous situations by wit and discretion, yet with dignity as an absolutely impartial spectator. Great in almost everything except in religion and self-government, the French seemed, to the cool American, destitute of the capacity for ordered freedom. Great men were strikingly absent, though many clever people abounded. Pleasure rather than duty was the business of all, while the volcano was preparing to burst. Keenly perceptive of weakness in the various individuals who rose to the surface, Morris does not seem to have possessed foresight in discerning the 'man on horseback,' whom he lived to see banished to St. Helena. Just here seems to be the grave and tantalizing fault of the author, that he does not describe any one fully, nor give a clear picture of any one's personality. He gives us many views of the crowd, and the throng pressing on, and thus we have a wonderful glitter and flash of minute side-lights. He seemed strong in discerning principles, less so in reading men. His pictures of persons of the time are rather like the sketches of Japan-

* The Diary and Letters of Gouverneur Morris. Edited by Annie Cary Morris. 2 vols. \$7.50. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

ese decorative artists; though for this very reason all the more truthful in their measure and highly suggestive.

The social life of the time seems curious enough. Morris, knowing and speaking French perfectly, and having in his atmosphere the glamour that for French eyes lay like a spell on all that came from the American Republic, was personally a great favorite with the brilliant women of the time. These held their levees in their boudoirs, even while making their toilette, and one even while in her opaque bath of milk and water. Amid his chronicles of the most serious affairs, the diarist refers frequently to these gatherings, where brilliant talk on affairs political and social was the vogue. In one sense the work is a history of opinion in France during the last two decades of the Eighteenth Century. Morris was a pretty good political prophet of events, and many of his vaticinations concerning European affairs came true. He visited other countries in Europe, and his letters to Washington and Hamilton are highly interesting, as are the accounts of his experiences as a Senator in Washington, when that city lay in a wilderness opened only here and there by roads along which log-cabins were scattered. Like so many good livers who enjoy fully the physical side of life, Morris, on nearing old age, became a pessimist, and his later years, though useful, were not his best. He became President of the New York Historical Society, and died in 1816. His son and namesake, the father of the editor of these volumes, survived him seventy-two years, dying only last summer.

These volumes are interesting alike to Frenchman and American, and are a notable addition to that special line of literature recently enriched by editors and scholars, which treats of the relations of our own Republic with the older country, that has so often unsuccessfully attempted to imitate the younger.

Colley Cibber's "Apology"*

MR. COLLEY CIBBER seemed to think it necessary to make an apology for his life, but he would not have thought so had he known how beautifully it would be embalmed by Mr. Nimmo. Mr. Lowe, who has so carefully prepared this edition, has not been satisfied to give us what has already been given in six previous editions, but has taken the text of the best of these—the second—and added copious notes and a quantity of heretofore unpublished material. It does seem, by the way, that new material is always to be had for the searching by any one who performs the office of editor of these old authors with sufficient diligence. In such easily accessible places as the British Museum and the South Kensington Library, Mr. Lowe found documents of the greatest value in throwing light upon the dark places in Mr. Cibber's 'Apology.' To complete the record and round out his life, he takes up the thread where Cibber laid it down, and leads the reader along to the day of his death. He has also appended a list of Cibber's dramatic productions, and a bibliography of works by or pertaining to him. To prove how careful a workman he is, he has prepared an index to the two volumes which is as clear as it is exhaustive. There are still people in the world, no doubt, who have not read the garrulous Colley's famous Autobiography, but there will be fewer than there are now after this attractive edition is brought to their attention. Mr. Lowe has done his part in a manner to be commended by every lover of the stage or of literature, and Mr. Nimmo has not been behind him in putting the book into beautiful shape. This edition, of which only 500 copies are printed, is one of the handsomest books that has fallen into the hands of the reviewer in many a day. It is not only printed in type which for its size and brightness is a pleasure to read, but it is printed on fine deckle-edge paper, and illustrated with twenty-six mezzotint portraits made for the purpose by R. B. Parkes, from

the most authentic originals. Besides these rare portraits, every chapter has a heading, etched for it by Adolphe Lalauze, representing scenes from plays wherein the actors are costumed as in Cibber's time.

"The Pilgrim's Scrip"*

A BOOK of aphorisms is not easy reading at the best. There comes to be a singular monotony in a succession of sharp and pointed sayings. We are disposed to resent them after a while, to cavil and demur and analyze, and finally to ask ourselves whether the so-called aphorism is not a platitude in disguise. In a way, George Meredith is not responsible for his maxims. It is Mr. Gilman who has culled from the novelist's works (twelve volumes of prose and three of verse), 'the best he has said and sung.' We are not quite sure that Mr. Gilman has wholly succeeded in separating the chaff from the wheat. We should better appreciate the good things in the book, if they were not interspersed with such stuff as this: 'Parsons and petticoats must always mince the meat, to hash the fact'; 'Puns are the small-pox of the language'; 'A great voice is an ocean: you cannot drain it with forty thousand opera hats'; 'The characteristic of girls having a disposition to rise is to be cravily mimetic'; 'His indigestion of wrath had made of him a moral dyspepsy.' We must, however, in justice, quote some of the gems: 'Love of any human object is the soul's ordeal'; 'To hope and not be impatient is really to believe'; 'If a man's fate were as a forbidden fruit, detached from him and in front of him, he might hesitate fortunately before plucking it; but, as most of us are aware, the vital half of it lies in the seed-paths he has traversed'; 'The slave of a passion thinks in a ring, as hares run; he will cease where he began'; 'Service is our destiny in life or in death'; 'On with your mission, and never a summing of results in hand, nor thirst for prospects, nor counting upon harvests; for seed sown in faith day by day is the nightly harvest of the soul,—and with the soul we work, with the soul we see.' For hints such as these we may truly be grateful. Mr. Gilman's introductory account of Meredith's life and work is interesting, and will no doubt help to a more intelligent and discriminating appreciation of an author in regard to whom a calm judgment seems rare.

The Canterbury "Chaucer"†

FORTY CENTS' worth of Chaucer on toned paper enclosed in red-line borders and running up into the third century of pages—this is real intellectual 'richness' and rich popularization. Presently all the poets will be published on cloth-of-gold at a penny apiece! Nothing shows more clearly than these delightfully edited volumettes of the Camelot, the Canterbury, and the Great Writers Series, how really living and imperishable the old favorites are. Mr. Noël Paton's 'Chaucer,' for example, is edited with true taste and erudition, and contains a glossary, besides, to help the unwary. One might quarrel with his 'selections,' yet no two persons would pick the same bouquet in the Garden of Eden. Let loose in the garden of the Muses, this or that gorgeous or modest bloom attracts this or that wanderer: as you cannot pluck all, something has to be left out: hence the ever new posies, the ever new editions, of the poets—anthologies, 'flower-pickings,' garlands, and the like, for the lazy folk who will not read and pick for themselves. This 'Chaucer' is highly opportune, as last April just five hundred years ago the joyous Pilgrims set out on their Canterbury journey, and their tinkle-tinkle has made charming music ever since. Mr. Paton prefixes an appreciative and informing 'foreword' in which he brings the main facts of Chaucer's life before us. Fortunately he has not 'modernized' (the recent euphemism for 'barbarized') his selections, which include several of the

* An Apology for the Life of Mr. Colley Cibber, Written by Himself. Notes and supplement by Robert W. Lowe, 26 original mezzotint portraits by R. B. Parkes, and 28 etchings by Adolphe Lalauze. 2 vols. London: John C. Nimmo.

* The Pilgrim's Scrip; or, Wit and Wisdom of George Meredith. Compiled by M. R. F. Gilman. \$1. Boston: Roberts Bros.

† Chaucer. Selected and Edited by F. Noël Paton. 40 cts. (Canterbury Poets Series.) New York: Thos. Whittaker.

Canterbury Tales (the Prologue, Wife of Bath, Man of Law, Doctor, Second Nun, Nun Priest and Canon Yeoman), besides representative pieces from Troilus, the House of Fame, the Legend of Good Women, and others.

Recent Medical Books *

DR. CLINTON WAGNER, in 'Colorado Springs and Davos-Platz, as Winter Health-Resorts, Compared' (1), is of the opinion, as the result of personal observation from residence in both places, that Davos is best suited to cases of incipient consumption, and where 'a certain degree of robustness' is retained to permit active outdoor sports; and Colorado Springs for those more advanced, and where there is much physical weakness. Some of the points of difference between the Swiss and American resort he mentions are: At Colorado Springs in one month there will be twenty-eight good days, at Davos only twenty; at Colorado Springs, during the shortest days of winter, the invalid may enjoy eight hours of sunshine, at Davos only four and one-half. At Davos out-door amusements are restricted to skating and tobogganing, while at the Springs riding, driving, picnic parties, lawn-tennis, etc., furnish healthful ways of killing time. It is true that at Davos a variety of pleasant in-door amusements are provided, as dramatic performances, concerts, dancing-parties, etc., which, however, can hardly take the place of daily open-air exercise, for 'walking is difficult on account of the snow, and tiresome by want of variety.' At the foreign resort the invalid is compelled to live in a hotel, which, 'from the large number of consumptives, becomes an overcrowded hospital'; while at the home one he may enjoy the comforts of his own house, or of excellent lodgings. As soon as the snow begins to melt at Davos, in early spring, invalids are compelled to leave, while at Colorado Springs they may remain throughout the year. For these, and other sufficient reasons, Dr. Wagner thinks that, at the stage of the disease when consumptives usually seek winter health resorts, the advantages of Colorado Springs over Davos-Platz are apparent. He might have added that, were they the same, the avoidance of the risk and fatigues of a long journey by sea and land, and absence from one's own country and family, should count for much in the selection. The first suggestions, made a quarter of a century since, to send consumptives to high altitudes, as Colorado Springs, over 6000 feet above the sea-level, or Davos-Platz, 5030 feet, with snow on the ground six months of the year, instead of warm and so-called equable climates, as the Riviera, Egypt, Florida, the West Indies, etc., met with small favor from the medical profession; but time and experience have modified their views, and both the theory and practice have now large, if not general, acceptance.

Dr. Louis Starr is favorably known by several excellent works on the disorders of childhood. 'Hygiene of the Nursery' (2) is addressed to mothers, with the view of giving a series of rules which, 'applied to the nursery, can hardly fail to maintain good health, give vigor to the frame, and so lessen susceptibility to disease.' These are so plainly, sensibly, and we may add attractively, given, that any woman of ordinary brain-power should be able to understand them, and by following them to keep her baby well. Little reference is made to drugs or medical treatment; but the deviations from the 'features of health,' the warning signs, betokening the onset of disease, and the necessity of immediate professional aid, are clearly indicated. There is much practical good sense in all the chapters, and the one on 'Emergencies' is especially valuable.

'Eating for Strength' (3) is particularly addressed to 'that constantly increasing class who have more and more desire to, so far as possible, draw their nourishment from the vegetable kingdom.' The author's aim is decidedly to encourage this bent. 'Simplicity of living' is insisted on, and we are told that 'the world's workers live on wholesome, nourishing, but simple food.' Several hundred recipes for foods and drinks are given.

For the unhappy many who describe themselves as 'a bundle of nerves,' Dr. Drayton's little book, 'Nervousness' (4), contains much advice that may be profitably followed. The evils of over meat-feeding, indulgence in alcoholic drinks, nervous stimulants, as tea and coffee, tobacco, and the want of sleep, too little exercise, and the abuse of tonics—in a word, a customary neglect of the natural

laws of health—are the nursery of the ills known as the fashionable disorder of the day—nervous prostration. A radical change in the way of life is, the author rightly holds, the only sure means of cure.

'Wasted Sunbeams' (5) is a plea for the adaptation of the 'unused house-tops,' not only of the dwellings of the well-to-do, but especially of tenements, which would fit them for the purposes of 'out-door recreation, and protection from invalidism,' and Dr. Smith suggests how this can be done. He shows the advantages, particularly to the large class of enforced stay-at-homes in large cities during the summer months, that would result if his plan were adopted. Fresh air and exposure to the genial sunbeams have always been recognized as important health factors, and we are told in the sacred writings that the house-roofs were utilized for this purpose and made 'salubrious plateaus.' The faulty construction in respect to deficient air-space and light in our best houses, and the evils that necessarily follow to servants and others who may be lodged in the less desirable rooms, are pointed out.

'Nursing is an art,' wrote Florence Nightingale; 'I had almost called it the finest of the arts.' Elizabeth Scovil, author of the 'Art of Nursing' (6), a graduate of the Massachusetts Hospital Training-School for Nurses, tells 'what to do, how to do, and when to do, in the sick room.' The training-schools connected with the hospitals of our cities have done much towards the instruction of those who have care of the sick, and competent nurses can readily be had in large towns, but in the smaller ones and in villages the usual attendants on the invalid are too often incompetent. The object of this little book is to give plain and practical directions for the care of the sick-room, and it will be of use to those who have not had the advantage of technical training or much experience.

Works on nervous disorders have multiplied within the past few years, and Dr. Corning, already a copious contributor to the subject, has added one more, on 'Headache, Neuralgia, Spinal Irritation and Sleep' (7). The present volume is addressed strictly to the professional reader, and the author claims originality in many of the principles and methods of practice which he inculcates.

'Doctor Frank' has written several popular books—'Health in our Homes,' 'Health in our Children,' etc. 'A Friend in Need' (8) comes in the guise of 'a household guide in health and disease.' The chapters on 'Practical Hygiene' are a fair compilation on the subject. Whether those on the 'Practice of Medicine' will effect the purpose of the writer, 'to assist the reader in educating himself to a proper understanding of the more common diseases,' admits of doubt. They seem better fitted for the medical student than for the layman.

The prohibitionist will get both aid and comfort from Dr. Clum's 'Inebriety' (9). The alluring evils of even moderate indulgence in alcoholic drinks are earnestly and clearly set forth. The cause of morbid craving, the lack of will-power, and the ungovernable appetite of the habitual spirit-drinker are described and explained. The author says that he has studied in their 'jolly moments' the 'Yankee boys in New England; the gentleman and his former slave in the South; the dude and the tough in our large cities; the ranchman and cowboys on the prairies; the miners in our mining States'—in fact, all sorts and conditions of men in their cups, and he has certainly collected and recorded a vast number of interesting facts.

Some Recent Educational Books

THE experience of many school-teachers has clearly shown that no author is more suitable than Irving for use in courses of 'supplementary reading.' His graceful and pleasing language is readily understood by children, who unconsciously absorb something of Irving's art of expression while they are following with interest his stories or descriptions. 'The Sketch-Book' is now accessible in cheap editions; and un mutilated parts of the same work and 'The Alhambra' compose a pretty new book called 'Readings from Irving.' The child who first learns from these pages about Westminster Abbey, English Christmas observances, Rip Van Winkle, or the Alhambra, will be started aright on the historic path of American letters. (50 cts. G. P. Putnam's Sons.)—JULIA B. HOITT'S 'Excellent Quotations for Home and School' contains several hundred citations, long and short, in prose and verse, all the way from Solon and Socrates to Howells, Aldrich, Gail Hamilton, and May Riley Smith, the whole being neatly printed and conveniently arranged and indexed. The songs and sayings are not all indispensable, but will be found a convenient addition to the meagre library of the country schoolroom. (75 cts. Lee & Shepard.)—ANOTHER serviceable handbook for the classroom or occasional reference, 'based on Webster's Unabridged Dictionary,' and therefore entitled to whatever weight of authority that well-known work possesses twenty-four years after its last revision, Mr. W. H. P. Phyle's 'School Pronouncer.' In ninety-nine doubtful cases

* 1. Colorado Springs and Davos-Platz, as Winter Health-Resorts, Compared. By Clinton Wagner, M.D. Trow Printing Co. 2. Hygiene of the Nursery. By Louis Starr, M.D. Philadelphia: P. Blakiston, Son & Co. 3. Eating for Strength; or, Food and Diet in their Relation to Health. By M. L. Holbrook, M.D. New York: M. L. Holbrook & Co. 4. Nervousness: its Nature, Causes, Symptoms and Treatment. By H. S. Drayton, M.D. New York: Fowler & Wells Co. 5. Wasted Sunbeams. By Gouverneur M. Smith, M.D. New York: Trow Printing Co. 6. In the Sick-Room. The Art of Nursing. By Elizabeth Robinson Scovil. 50 cts. Springfield, Mass.: Clark W. Bryan & Co. 7. A Treatise on Headache and Neuralgia, including Spinal Irritation, and a Disquisition on Normal and Morbid Sleep. By J. Leonard Corning, M.D. Illustrated. \$2.75. New York: E. B. Treat. 8. A Friend in Need: a Household Guide in Health and in Disease. By 'Doctor Frank.' Boston: Thayer Publishing Co. 9. Inebriety: its Causes, its Results, its Remedy. By Franklin D. Clum, M.D. \$1.25. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

of pronunciation, the teacher or pupil may well rely on so convenient and competent a compilation as this; but in the hundredth case he will be given a sound or accent almost unknown to good use, which is the true and final test. Little by little the public is learning that the place of the dictionary is merely that of an observer and chronicler, not an arbitrary lawgiver. Mr. Phylfe's phonetic pronunciation of French words is sometimes distressing, but here, of course, he is wrestling with a slippery giant. His book is unquestionably a useful one in its essentials. (\$1.25. G. P. Putnam's Sons.)—TO THE admirable Clarendon Press editions of well-edited English classics, with text and notes for school use, are added Goldsmith's 'Traveler,' prepared by Dr. Birkbeck Hill, editor of Boswell's Johnson; and Johnson's Life of Milton, edited by Mr. C. H. Firth of Balliol College. This series is a little less simple and popular than Dr. W. J. Rolfe's, in its notes, but it avoids the ugly woodcuts which disfigure Mr. Rolfe's helpful issues of some of the classics of our language, and is more compact and cheaper. (Macmillan & Co.)—A PAPER on 'Aspects of Education: a Study in the History of Pedagogy,' by Oscar Browning of King's College, Cambridge, is reprinted from *Science* as a monograph of the Industrial Education Association of New York. Mr. Browning is known as an intelligent writer on education, and he here has some sensible things to say concerning the past, present and future of European schools for boys; but his plan is too broad and his remarks too discursive.

ANDREWS AND STODDARD'S 'Latin Grammar' dates back some thirty years. It grew out of an intended revision of Adam's old manual, which expanded so in the hands of the revisers as to become a new work. And so manifold have been the changes brought about by more recent philological research and later theories of pedagogy, that this in turn has become antiquated and inadequate. The book has therefore been placed in the hands of Prof. Henry Preble of Harvard, who, on going over its old familiar pages, has found himself in much the same position as his predecessors, when they set about to repair the defects of the older grammar. The structure of the work in the present revision has not been altered so radically, however, and the intelligent scholarship that has been brought to bear upon it has satisfied itself by the application of new principles that have been formulated since the first edition of the book appeared, and by the expansion necessary for elucidation. The editor has followed the growing custom among German Latinists, of abandoning the letter *j* and retaining the distinction between the characters *u* and *v*. The volume is printed from bold, new types. (\$1.05. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)—ALLEN AND GREENOUGH'S Latin Grammar, not to be outdone by the rival manual, has also appeared in a new dress of type and serviceable binding. The volume has been revised and enlarged to meet the requirements necessitated by the progress of linguistic science, but the revisers have maintained a discreet conservatism in the acceptance of new doctrines that have not yet been fully proven by experience. Every lay reader of the book will feel that the editors have good reason to hope that they have straightened 'some of the devious ways of Latin Grammar'; and they have even opened up one or two new paths. (\$1.35. Boston: Ginn & Co.)

'GERMAN AT SIGHT' presupposes a 'sight' of German. Instructor Babbitt of Harvard sends out this interesting pamphlet, which is very ingenious in its way, and sums up for beginners the main difficulties in the acquisition of German. Thus, the difficult vowel and consonant sounds are grouped together, and cautions are plentifully given how, and how not, to pronounce them; the principal points in adjective-, pronoun- and verb-inflection are grouped in similar manner; the 'worrying' prepositions and the conjunctions likely to 'aggravate' are grouped and danger-signalled; and to each group full references to Sheldon's, Whitney's, and Brandt's German Grammars are made. All this is done—and done well—in 18 pages; and nine or ten pages more of easy anecdotes, with interlinear translations, complete this little parcel of hints. Very ingenious and very useful indeed. (15 cts.) Two other very superior textbooks, this time in French, come to us from the same publishers. One of these is a delightful volume of 'Histoires Nouvelles,' annotated by Prof. C. Fontaine of Washington, D. C., and containing thirteen tales taken from French periodicals of 1887, and thus free from the fatal reproach of being hackneyed. They are beautifully printed, and have an ample supply of helpful notes. Further, they show the exhaustless talent of the French for short-story writing, and the high average of excellence attained by those literary end-men, the French newspaper *feuilletonistes*. (65 cts.) Prof. O. B. Super's new 'French Reader' (\$1.10.) is also one of the newest of the new, and is a first-rate preparatory book for beginners of French. It contains six or seven of Andersen's and Grimm's tales done into simple French; seven more

stories by standard French writers, like Erckmann, Chatrian, Dumas, Daudet and Méry, all long enough to be interesting and lucid with true French lucidity; then de Maistre's 'Prisonniers du Caucase'; and, lastly, nine pleasant poems: all with notes and explanations, full vocabularies, and hints for tracing the connections between French and English words. The compiler has taken liberties with his originals, to be sure—simplified, eliminated 'hard words,' cut and slashed here and there. But he protests against this being regarded as a 'classic reader'; it is simply a book designed to teach learners to read French at the earliest possible stage. (D. C. Heath & Co.)

'PHYSIOGRAPHY,' though not a new word, is one of rather rare occurrence; and Mr. John Thornton has done well to begin his 'Elementary Physiography,' by a definition of its title. For though a literal rendering of the Greek compound would give us 'a description of nature,' yet—as we may judge by comparing the words physiology and physiognomy—such an exact translation might not by any means convey a true idea of the English signification. However, we find that in this book the term is really employed in its proper, though most extended, sense. The work is designed to include in one synopsis all those branches of science which are known as physics, astronomy, chemistry, geology, and biology. To attempt to compress the elements of so many sciences, with their almost infinite ramifications, into a duodecimo of 250 pages, would certainly seem to be a bold and hazardous undertaking. It is but just to say that the author has accomplished his task with a fair measure of success. By careful arrangement, judicious selection and compression, the use of varieties of type, and the aid of abundant pictorial illustrations, he has been able to present a large amount of information in a small compass, and in a manner likely to be attractive to the student and easily remembered. He has followed the latest and best authorities, and, where these differ, has been content to state impartially the opposing views, with the evidence on both sides. The book can be recommended as a good manual for schools, and a safe guide to beginners for self-instruction in the natural sciences. (80 cts. Longmans, Green & Co.)

THE three small books which form the subject of this paragraph are of interest mainly for the reason that they show that there is a tendency towards the introduction of laboratory courses in physics and chemistry in schools and colleges, and towards a simpler presentation of these subjects. 'Sound, Light and Heat,' by Mark R. Wright, is a guide to laboratory work, and is at the same time a text-book in which the relations between the facts are discussed. The author has given but little space to theories, for he rightly believes that 'a beginner's time is best spent in examining the facts of science.' In general the experiments described are simple and teach their lessons clearly, and there can be no doubt that students following the course laid out would be much benefited by it, and would also incidentally learn something about the laws governing physical phenomena. Like most other school books, however, it needs the accompaniment of a good teacher. (75 cts. Longmans, Green & Co.)—THE 'Laboratory Manual of General Chemistry,' by R. P. Williams, is in the main a collection of descriptions of experiments such as are found in the later elementary books on chemistry. The directions are brief and to the point, and with a good deal of assistance from the teacher, they might be made to answer the purpose for which they were written. Blank pages are left for the students' records of their work. (30 cts. Ginn & Co.)—'CHEMICAL PROBLEMS,' by I. P. Crabfield and P. S. Burns, contains some useful matter, but some that is entirely superfluous for elementary students for whom the book is intended. A considerable part of the text is taken up with problems in thermo-chemistry which cannot possibly be understood without a good deal of preliminary training in chemistry. About half the book is given up to examination papers which have been used in the school in which the authors are teachers. (50 cts. D. C. Heath & Co.)

THE TWENTIETH edition of that stimulating and almost standard book, Archbishop Trench's 'On the Study of Words,' at once supersedes all its predecessors, American or English. It is beautifully printed, neatly bound, of a size that tempts the reader's hand, and thoroughly and competently revised (yet without impertinent interference) by the Rev. A. L. Mayhew, one of the editors of the new 'Concise Middle-English Dictionary' of the Clarendon Press. (\$1. Macmillan & Co.)—THE 'Riverside Literature Series' of Houghton, Mifflin & Co. deserves the continued attention of teachers desirous of raising the literary quality of school readings and declamations. Its 38th issue is especially suitable for readings with pantomime or scenic accompaniment; it contains Longfellow's 'Building of the Ship,' 'Masque of Pandora,' 'Hanging of the Crane,' and 'Morituri Salutamus.' (15 cts.)—IN THE FIFTH OF

his 'Natural History Readers,' the Rev. J. G. Wood gives some notion of the systematic classification of animals, and especially of fishes, birds and reptiles, to which classes the volume is devoted. Interesting accounts of species and even of individuals are, however, given as well, examples being drawn from all parts of the world. It is sufficiently well illustrated, and should make a useful school-book. (54 cts. Boston School Supply Co.)—SOME OF LEANDER'S graceful reveries are annotated for schools by Prof. Van Dael, of Boston, in 'Träumereien.' No apology is needed for introducing American German-learners to these pure and poetic prose fancies, which illustrate most happily the dreamy-sentimental side of the German nature, and give us one more class-book in simple, colloquial German. (D. C. Heath & Co.)—'LE SECOND LIVRE des Enfants,' by Paul Bercy, is an easy illustrated child's book for learning French. It combines object-lesson with conversation, and there are anecdotes to learn by heart. A skilled teacher can make a good thing out of this book, which is all in French. (75 cts. Wm. R. Jenkins.)

James Orchard Halliwell Phillips

NEWS arrived on Friday of last week of the death of James Orchard Halliwell-Phillips, F.R.S., at Hollingbury Copse, near Brighton—that quaint wigwam on the Sussex Downs which has the honor of sheltering more records and artistic evidences connected with the personal history of the great dramatist than are to be found in any other of the world's libraries. Mr. Halliwell-Phillips was born in Chelsea, London, in 1820, his name being Halliwell; Phillips was added later as a condition precedent to inheriting the fortune which enabled him to gratify his literary and antiquarian tastes. His early education was directed by the mathematician, Charles Butler. His first appearance in literature was made at the age of eighteen, as editor of the works of Sir John Mandeville. In 1840 he became examiner of manuscripts in the Chatham Library at Manchester, and compiled a catalogue thereof which was highly prized by scholars. In 1845 he was accused of abstracting precious manuscripts from the library of Trinity College, Cambridge, and was forbidden entrance to the British Museum. The falsity of the charges was afterwards proved, however, and he was reinstated in his privileges.

Since the death of J. Payne Collier, he had been the patriarch of Shakspearian scholars in England. By his lifelong researches in the literary history of the Fourteenth, Fifteenth, Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries, he contributed more, perhaps, to the elucidation of the life and works of Shakspeare, than any other Shakspeare student that ever lived. The works he published, as author and editor, would make a good-sized library. Of these, Allibone, in his 'Dictionary of Authors,' enumerates fifty-four (making fifty-seven volumes), published up to the year 1856, when Mr. Halliwell-Phillips was but thirty-six years old. His most valuable contributions to Shakspearian learning have been made since that date. His magnificent edition of Shakspeare, in fifteen folio volumes, was then in course of publication, five volumes having appeared. This is his *magnum opus*, as editor. It presents a thorough collation of the early editions of the poet's works, all the original novels and tales on which the plays are founded, copious archaeological illustrations to each play, and a life of the poet. As the edition was limited to 150 copies, it is now hard to obtain. When a copy comes into the market, by the sale of a private library, it commands a high price. A copy was sold in Philadelphia, a few years ago, for \$1200. The writer of this notice once asked Mr. Halliwell-Phillips why such a valuable work should have been limited to 150 copies, and he replied that he could not have published it without such limitation, as there were collectors in England of works of limited editions who would pay exorbitant prices for such works, but would not buy them at all if the editions were unlimited. Of late years Mr. Halliwell-Phillips had confined his researches to the life of Shakspeare, and had made a number of valuable contributions thereto. He published a life of the poet as early as 1848, and during the forty years which have since elapsed, he has been untiring in ferretting out every scrap of knowledge of a character to throw light on his subject. In 1881 he printed at Brighton, 'for presents only,' 'Outlines of the Life of Shakspeare,' on the title-page of which is a motto from the thirtieth Sonnet:

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought.

The next year (1882), a second edition was published in London, by Longmans, Green & Co. Since then, third, fourth, fifth, and sixth editions have been published, the last in two large volumes. It is not likely that any scraps of knowledge will be added to what is contained in these volumes. As a side work to his Shakspearian researches, Mr. Halliwell-Phillips was for many years—thirty or

more—collecting material for a history of the English stage. He had but little hope, years ago, that his life would be sufficiently prolonged for him to write this work, after finishing his Shakspearian researches. The material is so well arranged, every little scrap of knowledge having its place, that the future historian of the English stage can make easy use of it. Mr. Halliwell-Phillips, for many years, welcomed and hospitably entertained American Shakspearian scholars at Hollingbury Copse, which is one of the quaintest homes in England.

Boston Letter

IT IS PLEASANT to read books about countries where all is warmth and sunshine, and there is such a thing as forgetting the rigors real or reputed, of a northern winter in thus contemplating the attractions of milder climes. The possession of a tropical imagination is not necessary for the performance of this feat, but only a touch of that sensitive fancy which evokes opposite conditions from those which dominate and often benumb the senses in this latitude. These suggestions were excited by the stimulating title of a book which is soon to be published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.—'A White Umbrella in Mexico.' There is a good deal of felicity in this title, which suggests those coverings used by painters to keep off the sun rather than the rain, and when it is added that the author of the book is F. Hopkinson Smith, of Tile Club celebrity, its originality and artistic flavor will be inferred. The fact that the places described were selected for their architectural and similar attractions, will add to the interest of the book, which is to have sketches of manners and customs that bring the life of the people vividly to view. The pictorial features of the book are given special prominence, and pen and pencil combine in depicting what is most interesting and instructive in old and new Mexico.

Another book to be published shortly by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. will appeal to that growing class of readers who are interested in the development of liberal institutions. This is a 'Constitutional History of the United States,' and the fact that the author is one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of the State of New York gives it especial interest. As this is the first book of Mr. Justice J. S. Landon, there will be considerable curiosity to see how far his high reputation for legal learning and acumen are sustained in a work which naturally demands the exercise of the most valuable judicial qualities.

George Meredith has become such an object of popular interest through his novels, that the volume of his poetry which Roberts Bros. are to publish about Jan. 15, simultaneously with Balzac's 'Louis Lambert,' will attract general attention. Meredith is one of those authors whose reputation has been of very slow growth; it is more than thirty-years since his first novel appeared, but the high praise now given to his work by Robert Louis Stevenson and *The Contemporary Review* shows how he appeals to somewhat critical authorities. As much of his poetry, like that of Browning, demands careful study, it will be interesting to see how 'A Reading of Earth, and Other Poems,' which is the title of the forthcoming volume, is received by admirers of his novels.

The course of lectures which Col. Theodore A. Dodge, U. S. A., is now delivering before the Lowell Institute in this city, on 'Great Captains,' is soon to be published, with this title, by Ticknor & Co. The subjects of these lectures—Alexander, Hannibal, Caesar, Gustavus Adolphus, Frederick, Napoleon—have a timely interest in view of the attention now given to the achievements of our own generals, who were largely indebted to their illustrious predecessors for their knowledge of the art of war. Col. Dodge has been a comprehensive student of military history, and his forthcoming volume is a summary of an extensive work in which he has laid broad and deep the foundations of his knowledge of the careers of the great captains. He was a gallant officer in the War of the Rebellion, losing his leg at Gettysburg and has written two military books, 'The Campaign of Chancellorsville' and 'A Bird's-Eye View of the Civil War,' which have been highly praised by competent critics. He is also the author of that charming book on horsemanship, 'Patroclus and Penelope; or, Chats in the Saddle.' Col. Dodge is an excellent horseman, and is a familiar equestrian figure on our suburban roads.

At the annual meeting of the Papyrus Club, on Saturday, Mr. John T. Wheelwright, one of the brightest of the younger school of Boston novelists, was elected President, James Jeffrey Roche, Secretary, and John Boyle O'Reilly, Robert Grant, and George Makepeace Towle members of the Executive Committee, the latter three being ex-Presidents of the club. Mr. Wheelwright is a successful lawyer, who uses literature as a gold-headed cane rather than as the proverbial crutch. Mr. Roche, who is assistant editor of *The Pilot*, has made his reports, as Secretary, of the proceedings of the Papyrus, among the most enjoyable features of the meetings, im-

parting to them something of the humor which characterizes his poetry. He is engaged in writing his first novel, which is to have a blending of romance and humor, the former being of the Rider Haggard type.

Mr. Alexander P. Browne, the retiring President of the Papyrus Club, is to have an article in an early number of *The North American Review*, entitled 'A Foreigner's Fight for a Copyright,' giving the various expedients resorted to by Sir Arthur Sullivan to protect his copyright. These furnish a very interesting commentary on the claims of civilization to develop the higher moralities, as they show the predatory tendencies to be remarkable for the ingenuity and persistency of their assaults upon what are sometimes humorously called the 'rights of property.' This *North American Review* article ought to furnish a telling argument in favor of International Copyright.

I met a philosopher in the street, a day or two since, whose face was beaming with delight as if he had come into possession of a new truth. On asking him the cause of his joy he said he had just received a new book for which he had been waiting two years. As he held out the portly volume, in a distrustful sort of way, as if he were afraid I would deprive him of his treasure, I observed that it was a treatise on 'Psychology.' It was pleasant for me to learn that a man could be found in these materialistic days, so enthusiastic over a work on such a subject; and I thought Emerson would have reversed in his favor his rule which publishers would hardly approve: 'When a new book comes out, I read an old one.'

BOSTON, Jan. 7, 1889.

ALEXANDER YOUNG.

The Lounger

CERTAINLY there are advantages for culture in the city that one cannot get in the country. For the study of books, the country is an ideal place; for unless one needs a large reference library, such as the Astor or the Lenox, by his side, he can get all he wants in his own library—that is, if he possesses that necessary adjunct to either a country or a city home. But when it comes to the study of music, the fine arts, etc., he has opportunities at the centres of population that the rural world knows nothing of. I was reminded of this by reading in a morning paper of a musical society which has been in existence in New York for about a year, and is known as the Composers' Club. Do not understand that the members of the club meet together to sing their own songs or play their own nocturnes. What they do is to take the works of certain great composers and interpret them to the best of their ability. One or more evenings are devoted to each composer chosen, and as the performers are either professionals or amateurs of acknowledged talent, the time is no less profitably than agreeably spent. The club began with seven members who met in a private house; but now it has to hold its meetings in a large hall, and its membership is increasing at a rate that promises a brilliant future.

SHAKESPEARE seems to be the favorite dramatic author just now. Booth, Barrett and Mary Anderson are nightly interpreting his masterpieces; and now those eminent actresses, Mrs. Lily Langtry and Mrs. Cora Potter, have turned their attention to the Stratford playwright. At the Fifth Avenue Theatre, Mrs. Langtry is preparing to bring out 'Macbeth,' the present 'rage' in London, in a manner that will astonish the critics; while Mrs. Potter, across the way at Palmer's, is giving a new version of 'Anthony and Cleopatra.' Not satisfied with what Shakespeare has done for the Egyptian beauty, Mrs. Potter has called in the services of that other eminent English dramatist, Mr. Kyrle Bellew, to give a turn to the text which the older playwright had failed to give it. Mr. Bellew has brought a spirit of realism to bear on the original that is quite in keeping with the modern idea, and there is almost as much of 'contemporaneous human interest' in this old drama as in, for example, 'The Lottery of Love.'

I AM REJOICING in the decision of the Directors of the Mercantile Library to build on their present site. It would be a great loss to this part of the town to have the Mercantile move up among the Thirtieth streets. There is an atmosphere of books in the neighborhood of Clinton Hall that it will take generations to create around Thirty-fourth Street. Who can get up any feeling of romance or interest about a numbered street? Not I, for one. About the names of Broadway, Astor Place, Clinton Place and Lafayette Place there is something individual, suggestive; but Thirty-fourth Street suggests nothing more interesting than the turning-off place of a line of street-cars. Astor Place, on the contrary, brings to mind an opera-house, a playgoers' riot, libraries, a Bible house, an art institute, book- and picture-sales, printing- and publishing-houses, bookstores, and everything else that is attractive to the lover of traditions. I am interested to know who is to be the architect of

the new building; I pass it so constantly that it would be a serious matter to me if it should be an architectural monstrosity. The difference between a fine building and an ugly one does not lie in the amount that is spent for materials. It lies in the choice of an architect of good taste; and good architects are no longer hard to find in this city.

A WALK in Central Park has suggested to 'Argus' a metrical philippic against the spirit that builds monuments in America (and bad ones at that) to British bards, while ignoring the claims of our own greatest poets, particularly Poe. In a four-page pamphlet containing this brief satire, a hundred copies of which have been privately printed, a dilapidated mock-monument to the author of 'The Raven' is shown in contrast with a marble mausoleum erected with his own money to the glory of some unknown millionaire. I have copied out eight of the twenty-seven lines of which the protest consists, and here they are:

Where stands the Nation's monument that tells
Of our own chimer of immortal 'BELLS'?
Fate-stricken soul! lover of Annabel Lee!
Has cold New York no sculptured pile for thee?
To foreigners are her best favours shown,
Her *Stars* for them, for thee her *Stripes* alone?
Give *Native* genius, living, stones for bread,
And grudge its deathless fame one stone when dead!

THE GENERAL density of what are called our best society circles, on points of American literature, is illustrated by the personal experience of a lady recently, to whom a young 'dude' spoke of 'that fellow Stockbridge, you know, who writes those funny things.' Repeating this tribute to another group, from whom she hoped to gain a smile, the hostess was met with 'Ah! yes; Stockton he meant—the one that wrote "The Tiger and the Lily"—didn't he?

International Copyright

IN ENGLAND Prof. Bryce's 'American Commonwealth' is printed in three volumes and sold for about \$13. It cannot be had there for less. In the United States it is printed in two volumes and sold for \$6. This shows—does it not?—that in a country where the foreign author's claim to his own books is not admitted, the reader is benefited by the publishers' privilege to rob him. Certainly it would be claimed that this was so, were it not that, owing to the collaboration of Mr. Seth Low and Mr. Frank J. Goodnow, who have written two chapters of the book, Mr. Bryce has secured an American copyright upon it, and is at liberty to charge \$100 a volume if he wishes to, without fear of being undersold by unauthorized reprinters. The fact that the work is sold here for less than one-half the English price is only another proof that low prices have 'come to stay' in the American book market, and that the publisher, whether native or foreign, who puts a fancy price on a book that the people would naturally like to buy, will have the chagrin of seeing it gather dust on his shelves. There was an assured popular demand, even before its publication, for Mr. Bryce's masterly study of American life, and Messrs. Macmillan & Co. showed their good sense in meeting it half way with an American edition costing only one-third as much as the handsomer one in which they publish the book for the drawing-room and library. On this subject the Boston *Transcript* says:

Prof. Bryce's great work, 'The American Commonwealth,' lately published, for which he has by some means secured copyright in the United States, promises to furnish a 'concrete case' for the instruction of the American people in those rudimentary principles of order and civilization involved in copyright. Many have carelessly supposed that copyright is a sort of tariff protection; even the Secretary of the Home Market Club did not fail to twit James Russell Lowell and other free-traders with inconsistency in desiring 'protection' for authors. Now all that the copyright principle asks is protection from confiscation; it does not ask for protection from competition, as tariff-protected manufactures do. The foreign makers of the cloth which most well-dressed Americans buy are protected in demanding their price for it. But the writers of the English books read by Americans we do not think it necessary to pay. The readers of a leading Boston journal were astonished the other day to see Prof. Bryce served with a notice at the head of its editorial columns, that if he was going to ask \$6 for his book because the American copyright had been secured, the project for

International Copyright would not be likely to succeed; or, if the law were passed, such prices would soon bring about its repeal. This is nothing more or less than the morals of Red Gulch, when its leading citizens unite in cleaning out a barroom because its proprietor raises the price of drinks.

The book in question is in two well-printed volumes, containing nearly 750 pages each, so that the price charged for it is by no means exorbitant.

Wagner's "Rheingold"

As occurrences are measured since German opera became domiciled at the Metropolitan Opera House, the most interesting promise of the managerial prospectus issued last fall, and the most interesting anticipation cherished by the public since the season began, were realized on the 4th inst., when 'Das Rheingold' had its first American representation. This is the prologue to the three dramas which, together with it, constitute Wagner's 'Ring of the Nibelung.' The first of these dramas, 'Die Walküre,' has been in the regular list of the Opera House ever since the first season in German. The second and third were brought forward last winter. 'Das Rheingold' is wholly a supernatural drama, and its pictorial equipment is more striking than that of any of the three plays which it introduces. Its poetical purpose is to show the origin of that maleficent principle, symbolized in the magic ring for the possession of which all the characters in the tragedy contend. In not one of its elements does it touch the German tale of the Nibelungs. Its characters are gods, goddesses, giants, dwarfs and nixies, and the poetical material at its base is all Scandinavian and mythological. For its incidents, with scarcely an exception, the poet had models in the hymns of the Eddas and the prose stories of the Völsunga Saga. The gold, capable of being shaped into a ring of magical and measureless power by anyone able to seize it and willing to renounce the pleasures of love, lies in its primeval purity at the bottom of the Rhine, guarded by the Rhine-daughters. They prattle away the secret to Alberich the Nibelung. He seizes the treasure, curses love and gains dominion over all his fellow-dwarfs by virtue of the ring which he shapes out of the gold. Wotan and Loge rob him of the hoard in order to give it to the giants Fafner and Fasolt as a ransom for the goddess Freia, who had been promised to the giants as a reward for the building of Walhalla. Alberich curses the ring; destruction is to attend on its possession. Wotan wishes to keep it to guard himself against his enemies, the dwarfs and giants, but is obliged to yield it to the giants against whom its bane is first exerted. Fafner kills Fasolt and carries off both hoard and ring. The gods cross a rainbow bridge into their new castle after Wotan has evolved his plan for restoring the ring to its rightful owner by begetting a new race of heroes and endowing it with the sword Nothung. The first representative of the new race plays his part in 'Die Walküre.'

This outline of the story suggests the vast amount of magical apparatus employed in the play. In fact, 'Das Rheingold' is a materialized fairy-tale of extravagant proportions, and one that would never have been conceived had not Wagner been the most inventive and ingenious stage-machinist of the century. Its pictures are fascinatingly beautiful, especially that of the first scene, depicting the gambols of the nixies below the surface of the Rhine, and that of the last, where Donner (Thor) summons up a strife of the elements, out of which of a sudden bursts the prismatic arch, spanning the Rhine and forming a bridge reaching into Walhalla. Both of these scenes are presented most admirably at the Metropolitan; and, indeed, the representation as a whole bears comparison with the most notable German productions.

The Fine Arts

Mr. Lafarge's Painting of the Ascension

MR. JOHN LAFARGE's mural painting, just completed, at the Church of the Ascension, is probably the largest, and certainly the most important single work of its kind in America. It fills the entire wall-space above the reredos, and contains some thirty figures of more than life-size. The subject is the Ascension. In the centre of the upper part of the picture, Christ is floating up with arms separated from the body between two choirs of adoring angels. Beneath Him is the group of the Apostles, at the right of which stands His mother and at the left two children. Behind is a hilly and rugged landscape. All this is framed in by a great semicircular arch and supporting pilasters of Renaissance design, and richly gilded. The decorative effect of the composition is very satisfactory, the grouping being orderly without monotony, the lines well balanced and contrasted. It is evident that the painter had in mind some of the best examples of the great Roman school. His coloring, in general effect, also approaches that of the same

school, being subordinated, at a considerable loss, we are inclined to believe, to the formal scheme. In separate figures, seen near by, the painter's mastery of particular chords is apparent; but at the distance at which the whole composition is to be regarded, the color effect is almost null, owing to the prevalence of what, at that distance, are excessively broken tones. A resulting gain in atmospheric effect may be held to make up for this loss, especially as it aids what appears to be the artist's intention to impress the character of a vision upon the scene rather by his management of light than by any indcision of line. By this means, the figures of the angels and of the Savior melt into the colored mists that half fill the valley, and into the clouds above, though drawn as realistically as those standing upon the earth.

The picture is deficient in impressiveness as a religious painting—a defect mainly due to the lack of any definite expression in the faces of the Apostles. They are merely gazing into space in various directions, each seemingly occupied with some customary subject of meditation, and unconcerned about the event which is supposed to be taking place. The Virgin alone, partly turned from the spectator, is ecstatically gazing upon the vision in the clouds. This may be defended upon Biblical and philosophical, but hardly on pictorial, grounds. The reredos beneath the picture is itself a beautiful work, composed of large marble slabs, and, back of the communion table, a mosaic imitating an embroidered hanging, and supported by two angels modelled in high relief by Augustus St. Gaudens.

The Decorative Art Society's Costume Reception.

THE COSTUME reception and *fête*, which THE CRITIC announced as *in posse* some weeks ago, is now well under way, and will take place at nine o'clock on Tuesday evening, Feb. 5, on the occasion of the opening of the annual exhibition of the Water-Color Society. The affair will be given at the Academy of Design under the auspices of that Society, in conjunction with the Decorative Art Society. The invitations, of which a limited number only will be issued, will request participants to appear in costumes of earlier date than the present century. This line of demarcation is not intended, however, to debar the picturesque attire of the first Empire, or any artistic dress that antedates the *bourgeois* fashion that came in with Louis Philippe; the idea being simply to secure to the reception the brilliancy of color and effect, which made such a success of a similar entertainment given in connection with the Royal Academy in London a few years ago. The tickets (\$7) are to be obtained only through the patronesses, the members of the Board of Managers of the Society of Decorative Art, and the Art Committee. These are, for the Society of Decorative Art, Mrs. Richard M. Hunt, Mrs. J. W. Pinchot, Mrs. A. B. Stone, Mrs. F. C. Barlow, Mrs. F. R. Jones, Mrs. W. F. Bridge, Mrs. T. S. Young, Mrs. F. P. Kinnicutt, Miss H. L. Robbins, Miss C. A. Newbold, Mrs. F. N. Goddard and Mrs. Ames Van Wart; for the Art Committee, J. G. Brown, President, Henry Farrar, Secretary, and Mr. Symington, Treasurer, of the Water-Color Society; F. Hopkinson Smith, Frederic Crowninshield, F. D. Millet, Lockwood De Forest, Richard M. Hunt, Prof. W. R. Ware, Walter Satterlee, Stanford White, D. Maitland Armstrong, H. Le Grand Cannon, and Peter Marié. The patronesses are, in addition to the ladies whose names are mentioned above, Mrs. William Astor, Mrs. Wm. W. Astor, Mrs. August Belmont, Jr., Mrs. George Bend, Mrs. Lockwood De Forest, Mrs. S. V. R. Cruger, Mrs. Frederic Crowninshield, Mrs. Heywood Cutting, Mrs. Joseph H. Choate, Mrs. Arthur M. Dodge, Mrs. Ely Goddard, Mrs. Nicholas Fish, Miss C. Furniss, Mrs. Elbridge T. Gerry, Mrs. Ogden Goelet, Mrs. R. W. Gilder, Mrs. Charles A. Post, Mrs. Marshall O. Roberts, Mrs. Henry A. Robbins, Mrs. Elliot Roosevelt, Mrs. James W. Gerard, Mrs. J. N. A. Griswold, Mrs. Chester A. Griswold, Mrs. Abram Hewitt, Mrs. Cooper Hewitt, Mrs. Charles B. Hillhouse, Miss Emily H. Hoppin, Mrs. William Jay, Mrs. James B. Kernochan, Mrs. Delancey Kane, Mrs. Adolf Ladenburg, Mrs. L. P. Morton, Mrs. J. Pierpont Morgan, Mrs. John Minturn, Mrs. William D. Sloane, Mrs. Hopkinson Smith, Mrs. Alexander Van Rensselaer, Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, Mrs. Arthur Welman, Mrs. Seward Webb, Mrs. E. R. Wharton, Mrs. Stanford White and Mrs. Arthur Sherwood.

Art Notes

IN *The Magazine of Art* we have the second chapter of Wm. M. Rossetti's paper on the portraits of D. G. Rossetti, which picture the poet-painter from the age of twenty-three till not long before his death, in the prime of his manhood. The early etching from the plate by Wm. Bell Scott has been reproduced before in this country; but we do not remember having seen that which is here stereotyped from a photograph by Lewis Carroll—a handsome

face, with the full, sensuous lips and dreamy eyes that attest his Italian origin and the authorship of 'The Blessed Damosel.' One portrait of which his brother speaks is not published in the copy of the magazine before us—an omission of a kind not without precedent in books and periodicals issued for the American market from the other side. 'The Liverpool Corporation Collection' is profusely adorned with reproductions from the galleries, among them 'Dante's Dream,' by Rossetti, marking perhaps the highest pitch his genius reached in painting, and at the same time his noblest conception, in the figure of the Florentine. There is also, among other illustrations, a full-page engraving of Thornycroft's statue of Gordon, apparently a successful effort.

—Mr. Humphry Ward, the art critic of the London *Times*, has written an introduction to a volume of sketches of picturesque Oxford, the work of John Fulleylove. The edition, which is limited, has been subscribed for by the London Fine Arts Society. The scenes reproduced are familiar, by description, to the readers of his wife's novel, 'Robert Elsmere.'

—F. S. Church, J. D. Smillie, R. Swain Gifford, Thomas Hovenden, W. St. John Harper, Samuel Coleman, W. H. Lippincott, Frank C. Jones and Morgan McIlhenny have been elected members of the Society of American Etchers.

—The manager of the Washington Centennial Loan Exhibition, W. A. Coffin, has issued a circular in reference to the display of historical portraits and relics to be held at the Metropolitan Opera House for three weeks from April 17. Mr. Coffin's address is 280 Broadway.

—The admirable little manual of decorative composition written by M. Henri Mayeux, Professor in the Paris Municipal Schools, has been translated into English by J. Jonino, with some slight alterations, which, we presume, have been sanctioned by the author. It is in two parts, 'Theory' and 'Practice,' the first treating of the principles which should govern compositions of all sorts; the second showing how these must be modified to suit the requirements of diverse materials and various ways of working them. The work is unusually full of practical details, such as could be given only by one who had actually worked at the trades he describes. It is also abundantly illustrated with new designs. It touches only incidentally on the history of decorative art—a matter of great practical importance which, however, may be made the subject of a separate volume in the series to which it belongs. (\$1.50. D. Appleton & Co.)

The Magazines

The head of Christ which Giotto painted over five hundred years ago in the Chapel of the Arena, Padua, looks out from the opening pages of *The Century* for this month, as the artist pictured him gazing at Caiaphas and his mocking sycophants. It is from the burin of Mr. Cole, and accompanies, with other reproductions from Giotto's frescoes, Mr. Stillman's paper on that artist, in the series of 'Old Italian Masters.' Another paper in the same line is Henry Eckford's, on Olin Warner the sculptor, with illustrations from his work, including the notably beautiful fountain planned for Portland, Oregon. One of the most noticeable contributions to the magazines is the first of Mr. Charles de Kay's series on 'Pagan Ireland.' The writer finds that from old Erin can be reconstructed not only the past of Ireland, but that of the Welsh, Scotch, old British, Gallic and other peoples of remoter kinship. His intention is, by an 'analysis of the national character in the light of mythology, literature, language, and monuments, to indicate what elements have gone to the making of a brave but unfortunate people.' We are transplanted to the other end of the world in Edward L. Wilson's 'Round about Galilee,' with remarkably vivid and clear-cut reproductions of the work of his own camera. Mr. Kennan adds another chapter to his indictment against Russian government and misrule; Col. Richard P. Auchmuty writes of the decay of the apprentice system in America; Frederic Remington has a breezy article on 'Horses of the Plains,' with his own equally breezy drawings; and John S. Wise, in 'The West Point of the Confederacy,' tells of the 'boys in battle at New Market, Va., May 15, 1864.' The Lincoln History reaches a climax in this issue, in 'The Announcement of Emancipation'; while the spirited 'Romance of Dollard' and the 'Strange, True Stories of Louisiana' are continued. Capital short tales are furnished by George H. Jessop, in 'An Old Man from the Old Country,' and A. C. Gordon, in 'A Perverted Franchise.' Worthy of notice, too, are the poems, 'The Winter Lakes,' with its Polar imagery, by Wm. W. Campbell, and the melodiously virile 'Poet of the Future,' by Whitcomb Riley.

When Oscar Wilde visited this country, most persons were undecided whether he was a simpleton or a 'keen'un,' a fool by nature or with 'malice prepense.' For the past year he has been

conducting *The Woman's World*, and with such editorial success, as to prove that he is at least not the light-weight he has been often considered. A 'Lady's Book' is not a very heavy article of literary diet, under any circumstances; but Mr. Wilde's periodical, while light by nature, is always interesting to women, and is the best thing of its kind that has been done. We can not approve, however, of the manner in which the fashion-articles are sandwiched in between the literary. In the January number there is a paper on 'The American Girl in Fiction,' by Miss Charlotte Stewart, in which she is classified as the hot-house delicacy which Mrs. Trollope discovered in real life years ago, indifferent alike to parents and the parental roof-tree, frivolous beyond her English cousin's wildest conception of the term, but pretty, 'naïve and fresh,' and 'hopelessly indiscreet,' like Daisy Miller, etc. The editor pays a deserved compliment to W. E. Henley as a poet. The remaining articles deal mainly with the mysteries of the toilet, and subjects of purely feminine interest.

One wonders what the press and the pulpit will turn their attention to, when 'Robert Elsmere' becomes exhausted as topic or text. In *The North American Review* it is the motive for a symposium, in which such heterogeneous critics as Dr. E. E. Hale, Marion Harland, the Rev. Joseph Cook and Julia Ward Howe bring their several minds to bear upon the question. It is high time that every one who is anxious to vent his individual opinion upon that 'propagandist volume,' should recollect the memorable speech of Dr. Hale's own 'double.' There has already been so much said on the subject, and on the whole it has been so well said, that one should not further occupy our time. Dr. Hale is interesting, as always, and so are his fellow-symposiarchs; but they prove more than anything else with what infinite variety any number of persons may construe the same thing. Miss Mary Anderson has a few words to say on 'The Stage and Society,' and how it has been 'elevated,' not by outside influences, but from within. In lighter vein there is an entertaining paper by Edmund Kirke, on 'Wit and Humor, Old and New,' in which he reviews, with pleasant comment, the many things one would rather have left unsaid. 'Arthur Richmond' contributes a flippant criticism of Secretary Bayard's administration of the State Department; Erastus Wiman discusses the annexation of Canada; and Lucien Sanial, in 'Two York States,' is of the opinion that the Empire State will eventually be split into two parts.

The paper that will be turned to first in the current *Forum* is undoubtedly Max O'Rell's 'Jottings on American Society.' We have been rapped so hard and so often over the knuckles by trans-Atlantic critics, as to have become somewhat callous to their castigations; we turn to such and such a skit with a feeling that we shall come across nothing more disagreeable than we have seen before. M. Blouët, however, is not caustic, and the candid reader must confess he has hit the nail pretty fairly on the head, at least so far as our faults go. As for our virtues, of course, it is not becoming in us to speak. James Payn has a paper in the same number that is a little biting, but as it is impersonal, and is witty into the bargain, nobody will feel offence at what he has to say of 'Getting into Print.' 'Any fool can write a book,' he states rather tersely in his advice to youthful aspirants, 'if he is able to pay for the publication'; and it is better not to, 'just at first, write epics, hundreds of lines of blank-verse, nor indeed blank-verse at all; an editor's face is apt to reflect the blank.' Of course no literary aspirant will take Mr. Payn's remarks to himself, but every editor will take care that a copy of this magazine, with the article in question heavily marked with a blue pencil, is lying conspicuously on the table of his ante-room.

'Infinite riches in a little room' describes the bound volume of *The Popular Science Monthly* numbered XXXIII. In the 864 pages that make up the bulk of the book, we catch at a glance the headings of such articles as 'The Ethics of Kant,' 'The Surplus Revenue,' 'First Steps in Geometry,' and 'The Science of Thought,' signed by such authorities as Herbert Spencer, Edward Atkinson, R. A. Proctor and Max Müller. These are but sporadic samples, however, of the instructive and valuable reading-matter that lies therein—matter noticed already in these columns from month to month. (D. Appleton & Co.)

Talleyrand on Washington

[The New York Times, and other papers.]

WASHINGTON, Jan. 6.—Mr. Somerville Pinckney Tuck, United States Assistant Commissioner-General to the Paris Exposition of 1889, while in Europe on a special mission having for its object a search for documents and other evidences relating to the French spoliation claims, discovered at Paris among the archives of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs a paper written by Talleyrand which has particular interest at this time in connection with the project

now under way and in charge of a committee of ladies, presided over by Miss Bayard and Mrs. Nathan Appleton, the object of which is to raise a fund for the erection of a statue of Washington in some public place in the city of Paris. The following is a translation of the paper in question, the original of which is Nos. 172 and 173 of Volume 51 of the manuscript series known as 'Etats-Unis, 1799-1800' (years seven and eight of the French Republic):

'Report of Talleyrand, Minister of Foreign Affairs, on the occasion of the death of George Washington:

'A nation which some day will be a great nation, and which to-day is the wisest and happiest on the face of the earth, weeps at the bier of a man whose courage and genius contributed the most to free it from bondage and elevate it to the rank of an independent and sovereign power. The regrets caused by the death of this great man, the memories aroused by these regrets, and a proper veneration of all that is held dear and sacred by mankind, impel us to give expression to our sentiments by taking a part in an event which deprives the world of one of its brightest ornaments, and removes to the realm of history one of the noblest lives that ever honored the human race.

'The name of Washington is inseparably linked with a memorable epoch; he adorned this epoch by his talents and the nobility of his character, and with virtues that even envy dared not assault. History offers few examples of such renown. Great from the outset of his career, patriotic before his country had become a nation, brilliant and universal despite the passions and political resentments that would gladly have checked his career, his fame is to-day imperishable, fortune having consecrated his claim to greatness, while the prosperity of a people destined for grand achievements is the best evidence of a fame ever to increase.

'His own country now honors his memory with funeral ceremonies, having lost a citizen whose public actions and unassuming grandeur in private life were a living example of courage, wisdom, and unselfishness, and France—which from the dawn of the American Revolution hailed with hope a nation hitherto unknown that was discarding the vices of Europe, which foresaw all the glory that this nation would bestow on humanity, and the enlightenment of governments that would ensue from the novel character of the social institutions and the new type of heroism of which Washington and America were models of the world at large—France, I repeat, should depart from established usages and do honor to one whose fame is beyond comparison with that of others.

'The man who, amid the decadence of modern ages, first dared believe that he could inspire degenerate nations with courage to rise to the level of republican virtues, lived for all nations and for all centuries, and this nation, which first saw in the life and success of that illustrious man a foreboding of his destiny, and therein recognized a future to be realized and duties to be performed, has every right to class him as a fellow-citizen. I therefore submit to the First Consul the following decree:

'Bonaparte, First Consul of the Republic, decrees as follows:

''Article I. A statue is to be erected to Gen. Washington.

''Article II. This statue is to be placed in one of the squares of Paris, to be chosen by the Minister of the Interior, and it shall be his duty to execute the present decree.'''

There is no evidence that any action was ever taken on this proposed decree by Napoleon, and it is probable that the matter was entirely forgotten in the press of affairs of that exciting time. A copy of the original of this prophetic State paper has been lately procured by Mr. Tuck for the Department of State.

Notes

SCRIBNER & WELFORD have ready the handsome new edition of Barry O'Meara's 'Napoleon at St. Helena,' in two volumes, with numerous illustrations in colors and black and white. A refutation of Croker's animadversion which appeared in 1822 and a Napoleon Calendar have been added by the editors. The same firm have ready D'Anvers' 'History of Art,' 'The Dagonet Reciter,' selected from the writings of George Sims by the author himself; a new edition, in the Ideal Series, of 'Sartor Resartus,' with an etched portrait of Carlyle; and an *édition de luxe* of 'Kensington: Picturesque and Historical,' by W. J. Loftie, with upwards of 300 picturesque and delicate illustrations by W. Luker, Jr.

—Mr. Douglas Sladen, the Australian poet, has left Boston and come to this city. He will visit Montreal at the time of the Ice Carnival, and Washington at the time of the Inauguration, remaining at the Capital through March; but New York will probably be his headquarters until summer.

—Col. Higginson's 'History of the United States' has been done into Italian by Signora Sofia Santanelli.

—A new edition of Theodore Parker's 'Historic Americans' is in preparation by his literary executor. To it will be added his sketches of John Quincy Adams, Dr. Channing and Daniel Webster. The volume will be double the size of that edited by O. B. Frothingham in 1870, and will contain a fuller introduction and more copious notes. This volume is to be followed during the summer by Parker's Autobiography, a work essentially new, though made up largely from materials already published by himself and others from 1850 to 1875. It will contain new excerpts from his diary and letters relating to his acquaintance and intercourse with Emerson, Margaret Fuller, Alcott, Garrison, Wendell Phillips, Bettine Brentano, and other famous contemporaries.

—An authorized American edition of Laurence Oliphant's 'Scientific Religion,' with an introduction by his widow, is to appear from the press of Chas. A. Wenborne of Buffalo.

—New volumes to appear in Putnam's Story of the Nations Series will be 'Mexico,' by Susan Hale, and 'Phoenicia,' by Canon Rawlinson. Two new volumes in the Great Cities of the Republic Series are in preparation—'Washington,' by Charles Burr Todd, and 'Boston,' by Arthur Gilman.

—'Griefenstein,' is the title of Marion Crawford's latest novel, which the Macmillans will soon have ready. The same firm will bring out Mrs. Oliphant's new book also—'Neighbors on the Green.'

—The *World* has given publicity to a poem, called 'Two Offerings,' which is said to have been found in the form of an unpublished manuscript, written and signed by Longfellow, that came to light recently 'among the papers of a deceased lady residing at East Saginaw, Mich.' It is dated 'Cambridge, April 10, 1838,' when the poet was a Professor at Harvard, and 'was a "keepsake" present,' so the story runs, 'to Miss Margaret Lawrence, who was visiting in 1838 a family in Cambridge, Mass., of the name of Craigie, which included the poet as a boarder.' If Longfellow *did* write it, all we can say is that he has a reputation that could survive a blow even more serious than the discovery and publication of so valueless a bit of verse.

—'The Wit and Wisdom of Sydney Smith,' and Lockhart's 'Spanish Ballads,' with illustrations, will come next in the Putnam's Knickerbocker Nuggets Series.

—Ouida began her literary career by writing short stories for the English magazines, for which she was glad to receive 12. a page; her English publisher now pays her, it is said, \$7,000 for every book she writes.

—Macmillan & Co. have in press Mr. Hamerton's study of the 'French and English: Education, Patriotism, Politics, Religion, Virtues, Customs and Society.'

—Eugene M. Camp is to write for *Harper's Young People* a paper on 'Becoming a Journalist.'

—A copy of the first collected edition of Tennyson's poems brought \$8 at a book-sale held in Bangs & Co.'s rooms last week, while Thackeray's 'Henry Esmond,' three volumes, brought \$8.25, and his 'Irish Sketch-Book,' two volumes, \$9.50. Scott's 'Marmion,' 'Lay of the Last Minstrel,' 'Lord of the Isles,' 'Lady of the Lake,' 'Rokeby' and 'Don Roderick' brought \$10.80.

—John Murray is to publish the speeches and addresses of the Prince of Wales for the past quarter of a century (1863-1888). The book is edited by Dr. James Macaulay.

—Mrs. Deland has written a short story for an early number of *Longman's Magazine*. 'John Ward, Preacher' was issued in England by Longmans, Green & Co., and is now in its sixth edition there. The same house is about to publish in London Mr. Stockton's 'Great War Syndicate.' The first edition will be 10,000.

—Boston has for a guest Mr. Savage Landor, the grandson of Walter Savage Landor.

—Mr. Howells begins his new novel in *Harper's* in March. It will continue, it is said, the 'adscititious experiences' of Basil, Isabel and other leading characters of 'Their Wedding Journey.'

—The Dunlap Society is about to begin its third year. Its first book will be a collection of theatrical biographies by Mr. William Winter, to be called 'Brief Chronicles'; then will come Mr. Lawrence Barrett's 'Recollections of Charlotte Cushman,' and a volume of selected 'Occasional Addresses,' edited by Mr. Laurence Hutton and Mr. William Carey. The volumes will all be illustrated as hitherto and, as hitherto, they will be printed from type, at the De Vinne Press in an edition limited to 165 copies, for members, only. For \$5 a year sent to the Secretary, Mr. Brander Matthews, 121 E. 18th Street, the subscriber will receive all the publications of the year.

—Mr. William R. Jenkins has added to his French series of Romans Choisis 'Mlle. Solange,' by François de Juliot, while 'Vaillante,' by Jacques Vincent, and Jules Verne's 'Tour du Monde' are soon to follow. Prof. V. F. Bernard of Amherst has written a much-needed treatise on the gender of French nouns, of which Mr. Jenkins is the publisher, as he is to be of Prof. Ventura's 'Novelle Italiane,' and Molière's 'L'Avare,' with the English annotations of Prof. Schele de Vere of the University of Virginia.

—Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett has written a love-story for *The Pall Mall Gazette*, which is to be published as a serial.

—At the meeting of the Nineteenth Century Club last Wednesday, City Chamberlain Wm. M. Ivins lectured on 'Our Ruler, the Politician,' and was followed by Gov. Hoadly and Mr. A. R. Conkling. At the next meeting, on Jan. 30, Miss Anna C. Brackett will speak on 'Common Schools and Schools,' a topic of great interest and present pertinence.

—*The Princeton College Bulletin* is the title of a quarterly to be issued from Princeton College and devoted, as was the late *New Princeton Review*, to philosophy, science and literature.

—Fraulein Adele Aus der Ohe gave an admirably varied program at her recital at Steinway Hall on Friday evening of last week. The most famous and familiar number was Beethoven's 'Moonlight Sonata'; but the pianist made quite as decided an impression by her playing of Schubert's Impromptu in B-flat, Mendelssohn's Spinning Song, Chopin's Andante Spianato et Grande Polonaise, and her master Liszt's Rhapsodie Espagnole, to name but these four pieces. Despite strong counter-attractions, a good-sized audience attended the performance, and carried away from the hall a renewed conviction of the young player's exceptional powers.

—Tillotson & Son, of Bolton, England, have opened an American branch of their Newspaper Syndicate at No. 44 Temple Court, this city.

—'Social Progress,' by Mr. Daniel G. Thompson, author of the 'Problem of Evil' and President of the Nineteenth Century Club, is announced by Longmans, Green & Co. The same firm are receiving subscriptions for the large-paper edition of Lang's 'Letters on Literature.' The large-paper copies of Matthews's 'Pen and Ink' are nearly all taken.

—Albert Fleming, an enthusiast, has recently revived the occupation of hand-spinning and hand-weaving in Westmoreland, Eng., and in an illustrated article in the February *Century* will tell the romantic story of this successful revival, with pictures of the neighborhood and of some of the spinners and weavers. 'The Fairies and Druids of Ireland' is the title of Charles de Kay's illustrated paper to appear in the same number. 'The Romance of Dollard' ends with this issue and Mrs. Mary Hallock Foote has written a three-part novelette, entitled, 'The Last Assembly Ball: a Pseudo Romance of the Far West,' which will begin with the March number of the magazine.

—Mr. Ruskin has completed his new edition of 'Modern Painters.' A special edition is due this month, and will be followed speedily by the ordinary.

—The office of the Leonard Scott Publication Co. has been transferred from Philadelphia to this city, and *The Nineteenth Century*, *Contemporary*, *Fortnightly*, *Westminster*, *Edinburgh*, *Quarterly* and *Scottish Reviews*, *Blackwood's*, *The American Naturalist*, and *Shakspeariana*, will hereafter be reissued here. *Shakspeariana* will be conducted by the New York Shakspeare Society.

—Guy de Maupassant has been visiting Algiers, where he has put the finishing-touches to his latest novel, 'Strong as Death.' He is said to contemplate a journey into the interior of Africa, in native costume.

—In an interview with Mr. Edmund Routledge, on the output of the London publishing-house of that name, *The Pall Mall Gazette* gives some striking statistics. In 1887, for instance, 5,590 copies of 'The Biglow Papers' were sold in the Pocket Library, 6,560 copies of Bret Harte's poems were sold in the same year; and of Irving's 'Sketch Book,' Bret Harte's 'Luck of Roaring Camp' and Poe's Poems, 5,100, 6,210, and 5,440 respectively. In 1883, 3,150 copies of Artemas Ward's writings were disposed of, 10,000 of Josh Billings's, 21,000 of Buffalo Bill's 3,010 of 'The Leavenworth Case,' 29,000 of Poe's Tales, 39,130 of 'The Mill Mystery,' 9,620 of 'Mr. Barnes of New York,' 2,650 of 'The Scarlet Letter,' 4,950 of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' 580 of 'The Professor at the Breakfast Table' and 17,943 of Cooper's romances—a table which abundantly attests the popularity of not a few of our writers in the snug little isle, and incidentally preaches a powerful sermon on the necessity of International Copyright.

—An authors' reading for the benefit of St. Luke's Hospital, Jacksonville, Fla., is to be given on Thursday evening, Jan. 17, at the Berkeley Lyceum, 19 W. 44th Street. Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, Col. T. W. Higginson, and Mr. Chas. Dudley Warner will read selections from their respective works, and Mrs. C. M. Raymond's (Annie Louise Cary) Berkeley Quartet—composed of Miss Marie S. Bissell, Mrs. L. L. Danforth, Mrs. S. B. Anderson and Mrs. Raymond,—and Mr. Walter Damrosch, will assist with musical selections. The hospital was founded in 1870 and has for its principal object the care and treatment of the sick and disabled from distant parts who seek Florida in search of health. No tickets will be sold at the door for these readings, but the committee desires to secure 150 patrons who shall subscribe \$15 each and be entitled to three cards of invitation.

—An interesting feature of the next issue of *Harper's Weekly* will be a sketch of the mining-town of Aspen, Colorado, by William W. Howard. Mrs. Burnett's serial, 'The Pretty Sister of José,' is begun this week. Mr. Reinhart draws the illustrations for it.

—The final volume of Walter Hamilton's 'Collection of Parodies of the Works of English and American Poets' will be published in monthly parts during 1889. It will be devoted to parodies on poems by Rossetti, O'Shaughnessy, C. S. Calverley, H. L. Leigh, Swinburne, Browning, William Morris, Locker-Lampson, Austin Dobson, Sims, Oscar Wilde, and others.

—In *The Quarterly Journal of Economics* for January, Prof. Andrews of Cornell writes upon 'Trusts,' Prof. Patten of Pennsylvania on 'Capital,' Prof. Hadley of Yale on 'The Railroads under the Interstate Commerce Law,' and Prof. Edgworth of King's College, London, on 'The Appreciation of Gold.' Harvard is represented by a copious array of notes and memoranda on various interesting topics; a review of 'The Tariff Literature of the Campaign,' and an historical paper on the suspension of specie payment in Italy in 1866, by A. B. Houghton.

—'Transactions in Hearts' is the title of a novel which Edgar Saltus is to contribute to the next *Lippincott's*.

—The semi-annual entrance examinations to the singing classes of the National Conservatory of Music, 126 East 17th Street, will be held in the morning, afternoon and evening of Thursday, Jan. 24; to the piano classes on Friday the 25th, and to the violin classes on Saturday.

—Mr. Kitton's new book, 'Charles Dickens by Pen and Pencil,' is likely to be one of the most interesting works that has been published concerning the author of 'The Pickwick Papers.' Edmund Yates, Geo. Augustus Sala, E. L. Blanchard, Godfrey Turner, E. L. Finlay, Frederick Locker-Lampson, Charles Kent, Arthur Locker, W. P. Frith, and G. D. Leslie are among those who will contribute to its pages, and Miss Dickens will write a special chapter. It will be issued in twelve parts, the first of which is now due, and will be copiously illustrated. Among the illustrations will be a reproduction of a pencil-drawing from life—now in possession of the Queen—by R. J. Lane, which is an admirable portrait of the novelist in the days when 'Pickwick' was in course of publication. Only 500 copies of the work will be printed for England and the same number for America.

Publications Received

RECEIPT of new publications is acknowledged in this column. Further notice of any work will depend upon its interest and importance. When no address is given, the publication is issued in New York.

Æsop. Fables. \$1.25.....	G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Balzano, U. The Popes and the Hohenstauffen. 80c.....	A. D. F. Randolph & Co.
Conklin, B. Y. English Grammar and Composition. 75c.....	D. Appleton & Co.
Cooper, C. H. Topics and References in English History. 1666-1686.	
Cox, G. D. Run Down. 25c.....	Northfield: Independent Pub. Co.
De Juliot, F. Mademoiselle Solange. 60c.....	Phila.: T. B. Peterson & Bros.
Eyles, F. A. H. Popular Poets of the Period.....	London: Griffith, Farran & Co.
Greenough, J. B., and Kittredge, G. L. Allen and Greenough's Latin Grammar. \$1.35.....	Boston: Ginn & Co.
Hunt. The English Church in the Middle Ages. 80c.....	A. D. F. Randolph & Co.
Lampman, A. Among the Millet, and Other Poems.....	Ottawa: J. Durie & Son.
Lessing. Ausgewählte Prosa und Briefe. \$1.....	G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Liggins, J. The Great Value and Success of Foreign Missions.....	Baker & Taylor Co.
Mulholland, R. A Fair Emigrant. 75c.....	D. Appleton & Co.
Mullinger, J. B. History of the University of Cambridge. 80c.....	
	A. D. F. Randolph & Co.
'Rita.' Fragoletta. 25c.....	Phila.: J. B. Lippincott Co.
Runkle, J. D. Plane Analytic Geometry. \$1.....	Boston: Ginn & Co.
Russell, F. What Jesus Says.....	Baker & Taylor Co.
Shakspeare, W. Cymbeline. 10c.....	Castell & Co.
Sluys, A. Manual Training in Elementary Schools for Boys. Part I. Industrial Education Association.	
Stedman, E. C., and Hutchinson, E. M. Library of American Literature. Vols. V, VI. \$3 each.....	Chas. L. Webster & Co.
Stedman, T. L., and Lee, K. P. Chinese and English Phrase-Book. Wm. R. Jenkins.	
Taylor, H. W. Wickly's Woods.....	Chicago: T. S. Denison.
Taylor, J. The Thumb Bible.....	A. D. F. Randolph & Co.
Thompson, H. H. S. Songs in the Night Watches.....	Baker & Taylor Co.
Van der Smitten, W. H., and Fraser, W. H. High School German Grammar. \$1.50.....	D. Appleton & Co.